



## Family Reading.

## LIFE'S HEAVIEST LOSS.

Upon the white sea-sand  
There sat a pilgrim band,  
Telling the losses that their life had known;  
While evening waned away  
From breezy cliff and bay,  
And the strong tides went out with weary  
moan.

One spake with quivering lip,  
Of a fair freighted ship,  
With all his household to the deep gone down:  
But one had wilder woe—  
For a fair face, long ago,  
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth  
With a most loving ruth,  
For its brave hopes and memories ever green;  
And one upon the West  
Turned an eye that would not rest,  
For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,  
Some of proud honors told,  
Some spake of friends who were their trust no  
more;

And one of a green grave  
Beside a foreign wave  
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,  
There spake among them one,  
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free:  
"Sad losses ye have met,  
But mine is heavier yet;  
For a believing heart is gone from me."

"Alas," these pilgrims said,  
"For the living and the dead,  
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,  
For the wrecks of land and sea!  
But, however, it came to thee,  
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

—Miss Frances Brown.

## THE VALUE OF SMILES.

BY MRS. LUCY E. SANFORD.

Cheerful voices and happy faces were all around me, but I was alone. The pure, crisp air the night-frost had given to the morning stifled me; the sun shot up on a cloudless sky, and down on a glistening earth, but for me there was a pall on the sunlight; clouds from my past, and the cloud on my present met over my head, and the rumbling of the train was silence compared to the thunder of the storm that was beating on my heart.

On this day, in the years that are gone, he, whose name is my name, slowly breathed his life away, and now the swift train was bearing me to his waiting grave. The long day of travel wore on. Nor short, nor long it seemed, for time was lost to me in the bewilderment of my grief.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the conductor cries, "Passengers for—change cars."

Rousing and welcome words: in half an hour I should be with loved friends whose sympathy would be strength. But the connecting train was not in sight.

"How soon will the train for—be here?" I asked.

"At 7.15. Failed to connect. We are forty minutes behind time."

And he jumped on the train, with the shout, "All aboard," a quick ring, and a rush on, as if to catch that lost forty minutes. I seemed riveted to the spot, and not until the smoke grew white, fleecy, and dissolved in air could I bring myself back to the life from which I had in thought and feeling been absolutely severed.

"Will you please tell me where the telegraph-office is?" I asked a bright-eyed boy.

"Come this way," and with willing step he ran before me.

Everything connects itself with a dominant thought. So the current, that took my message to my friends, so near, so real, so sure, so felt, so intensely active, yet all unseen, and utterly unknown, made the spirit life seem possible and true.

I went back to the depot, and such a depot! No fire, no water, and plain wood benches. I settled down into a corner and leaned my aching head against the bare, hard wall. Four hours in this comfortless place, to be followed by a lone ride in the darkness of a cold November evening, threw an added and weird gloom over me.

A woman stopped before me; but, absorbed in self, I did not notice her or the paper she held out to me. As she did not move, I looked up, took the paper and glanced at it:

"This woman has been carried by; she wishes to go to B.—so I send her to M." It was signed by the conductor.

"I do not know where B. is. Ask at the ticket-office," I said.

As I reached back the paper, I saw a wee little blue-eyed girl, in a black alpaca dress, fresh and new, reaching to her feet, and gathered as full as possible on a belt. Over her head was a plaid shawl, crossing her chest in nice folds and tied in a large knot at the back. The unique costume of the child led me to look at the mother. A pair of large, clear, full blue eyes, that had seen perhaps twenty-five years, looked out of an honest German face. Her dress was black alpaca, clean, fresh, and gathered very full, and a long, broad and very full apron of the same went two-thirds around it. On her head was a clean, white cap, with a broad frill, that served as bonnet.

The honesty of her face and the cleanliness of her dress made me say more kindly: "I am very sorry I do not know where B. is; but there is the ticket-office,

and the gentleman will tell you all about it."

Her face was perfectly blank, and she reached back the paper to me. A pleasant lady came up.

"I can tell you where B. is. It is twelve miles from here by stage. I go almost there."

The German looked earnestly from one to the other, then great tears came to her eyes, and she went away by herself and wiped them with the corner of her alpaca apron. The child caught the mother's grief and cried lustily. The woman hushed her, wiped her own cheeks, but, with eyes still wet, came back and reached a letter, not old, but almost worn out from many readings. It was to the dear "Weib," and had taken money to bring her to her own "Mann" at B. And she had left kindred and fatherland, born the long sailing voyage, and now, at the very threshold of the new home, love-prepared, she was lost.

"Oh! if I could tell her she is almost there!" I exclaimed.

"If she had not been carried by she would be there by this time. It is quite a settlement of a nice class of Germans. Can't you speak German at all?"

"Not at all," I answered.

She was watching us, and our puzzled faces alarmed her. She grew pallid.

"She is reading our faces. We must smile," I said.

And looking at her I smiled. The lady smiled with a very kind, assuring smile. The woman looked from face to face. We each smiled to her again. Her whole face changed—it absolutely glowed—as she smiled back to us; then the little one caught the contagion and "smiled out loud," and then we all smiled, we were so happy that we could understand each other "with no language but" a smile.

"Yes," said the ticket agent to our question, "there is a German teacher in the school here."

While we stood questioning whether to ask him to come to her or try to take her to him, those boys, who never tire of being at the depot—"to see the cars come in just this once," and each of whom has several eyes and ears, had taken in the situation, and with the energy of young America acted upon it, and escorted to the door a German Jew clothes-dealer. He walked in, and rather startled me with:

"Are you the lady who wished to see me?"

I looked at him, and, as I did so, looked past him and saw the eager faces peering at the door, and my black-eyed little friend gave me a smile that at once explained the question.

"Do you speak German?" I asked.

"I am a German," was the reply.

"If you will talk to this good woman, I will consider it a favor to myself."

It was, indeed, a pleasure to see her expressive face light up as the first sound of her mother tongue fell on her ear.

She had landed but the night before, and the vessel's mate had put her on the morning train, and told her she would be with her husband before dark; but now, "where was she," and "what was the matter?"

Vast was her relief when she found the mistake was not serious and she could sleep in the ladies' room at the depot, and breakfast with her husband. She brought in her little one, from a huge sack unfolded a light, low frame, on which she laid a good mattress and some nice bedding, took off the shawl from the wee one's head, showing a wealth of bright, neatly combed hair, on which was a pretty blue and white worsted cap. Then off came the little heavy shoes, and the child was set on the bed and given some playthings and crackers. A little camp stool was unfolded and set by the bedside, and she sat upon it and ate the hard crackers, with a face as sunny as if she had not expected an entirely different evening and supper.

The German came back with sandwiches, fruits, and cake, and gave her.

"I thought it was no great luxury to travel when I could not understand a word; but America is a beautiful country, and the people so kind, so kind!" she said. Her happiness permeated all our hearts, and the whistle of the incoming train told me the four hours, so dreaded, had quickly gone.

As I passed her I put out my hand, and she sprang up, and with a face aglow with smiles, pressed my hand to her lips; as I smiled and bowed, she bent down quickly and kissed it again.

I went out into the darkness, but it did not seem so dark, or my lone seat so lonely, for the smiles, the kisses of, and the lesson taught me by the poor German emigrant.

"For her there is a bright to-morrow," I thought, and faith whispered, "For you and your dear ones, there commeth a to-morrow. Cover life's disappointments with smiles and thank God for the bright to-morrow.—N. Y. Observer.

## BRIDLE THE TONGUE.

To spread evil reports about another by repeating statements which we do not know to be true, is as bad as saying what we know not to be true. The most of the slanders and calumnies that abound are just of this kind. Reputations fair and spotless have been ruined, hopelessly ruined simply by what "they say." And when the slanderer has been convicted of his slander, he deemed it sufficient excuse to say that he did not know it was false; which is no justification at all, nor does it make the go-sip less a slanderer and a vile character of murderer. In such a case ignorance is as bad as malice. No one has a right not to know that what

he says of another is not true. The commandment is absolute and unconditional: "Thou shalt not bear false witness."—*Moravian.*

## THURLOW WEED ON THE STAGE.

[A Sun reporter having called recently upon Mr. Weed, found him engaged in conversation with a lady and her daughter; and this was the story he told the young girl who had come to him for advice as to her becoming an actress.]

"When I was a younger man in Albany, there was a young apprentice to Mr. Doty, a silversmith, who appeared to be a very bright fellow of 17 years. He read books with avidity, but none with more pleasure and eagerness than Shakespeare and the works of other dramatic writers. He seemed to have an especial passion for such, indeed, coupled with an inclination for the stage. The time came soon for the indulgence of this taste; and he joined a company of young amateur actors who played at a little theatre called the Thespian. The young apprentice's talent for dramatic impersonation became the talk of the town before long; and when Mr. Bernard, a noted manager in those days, came to Albany with his own strong company of professional actors, he was impelled to visit the Thespian Theatre to see the young amateur of whom he had heard so favorably. The play that night was "Hamlet," and the manager was so struck with the young man's ability and intelligence that he sent for him, and made him a very tempting offer to join his own company and adopt the stage as a profession.

"Just before this," explained Mr. Weed to his auditors, "the young man had received an offer of a gratuitous education from Dr. Beck, President of the Albany Academy; and the night the manager spoke to him, he sought the counsel of two of his 'chums.' One of these two was Master Thurlow Weed, then a young journeyman printer. Both advised him strongly to accept Dr. Beck's offer. But the young apprentice was still in doubt. His inclination prompted him to go on the stage, while his judgment dictated the acceptance of Dr. Beck's kind offer. He left at last, saying he would talk with his employer about it.

"Silversmith Doty liked the lad, and believed that he had a career of usefulness before him in some learned profession; so when the lad told him of the two offers he had received, he said kindly, but firmly: 'Joseph, you are under indentures to me for two years yet. If you will accept the offer of a free education, I will let you go freely. But if you conclude to go on the stage, you must make good to me the loss of these two years of service.' This determined the lad; and he went to Dr. Beck's, studied faithfully, and graduated with high honors, and became one of the first scholars of his day.

"Of course," said the narrator, with a quiet smile, "we are curious to know who he was?" I will tell you. The lad was Dr. Joseph Henry, the late President of the Smithsonian Institute; and whenever he came to see me in New York before his death, he used to recall how small an incident it was that turned the tide of his life into its current of widest usefulness."

The lady girl arose and bade Mr. Weed good night. As he arose and walked to the door with the reporter he said:

"Perhaps you would like to know who the lady and the little girl who just left are. Well, the lady was an old friend, a widow, and a sleeker, who was one of the persons who was very anxious that young Henry should accept the offer that opened his brilliant career to him. The little girl is her daughter, whose fondest wish is to become an actress. They came to see me about it, and I told them the anecdote you have taken note of."

## PERSONAL TESTIMONY FOR CHRIST.

A young Christian traveler found himself in a commercial room one night, where, the party being large and merry, it was proposed that each gentleman present should give a song. Many of usual character on such occasions were sung. It came to the turn of our young friend, who excused himself on the plea that he knew no songs, they would care to hear. In derision a gentleman present asked if he could not give them one of Sankey's hymns, and several others cried out that they would join in the chorus. He decided to take them at their word, and choose one of the well-known hymns, with its simple gospel teaching—and with a silent prayer that God would use it for His glory—he sang, as perhaps he never sang before. All present joined in the chorus. Before its close there were moist eyes and troubled hearts. The spirit of jollity and fun was gone, but the Spirit of God was there. Several gathered around our young friend, thanking him for his song. He retired to rest, grateful for grace given.

He had not been long in his bedroom when he heard a knock at the door. It was opened by a young traveler who requested permission to come in. He was in deep trouble. The song had brought back to his memory the strains he had heard of a deceased mother sing. He knew his life had not been right, and the inquiry had been upon his lips "What must I do to be saved?" He was pointed to Christ, and retired with a brighter hope. Scarcely had this inquirer left, than another knock was heard at the bed-room door. This time it was an elderly traveler. The song had reminded him of lost peace and joy. He was a backslider, and the singer had the joy of pointing another sinner back to a loving Saviour. It was nearly two o'clock before he could

lie down, but it was with heart felt joy and gratitude to Him who had thus honored his personal testimony for Christ.—*Domes-tic Journal.*

## THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

Dearly beloved, so there are men in Burlington this very Sabbath morning, who sigh for "the good old times," when our times surpass those of Solomon more than his days surpassed the years of Egyptian bondage. You can buy a box of matches, to-day for five cents, while Solomon's throne of ivory and gold couldn't have bought one match. The Queen of Sheba thought Solomon's wisdom and greatness were beyond comprehension; what would she say could she only have beheld a yard engine of the Burlington and Northwestern narrow gauge? The weight of gold that came to Solomon in one year was six hundred three-score and six talents, but with all of it he couldn't buy a common hard coal base burner. He had fourteen chariots and 12,000 horsemen, but he couldn't telegraph to Hiram that he wanted a cedar raft as soon as it could be shipped, and he couldn't even give his messenger a good horse that could trot in 2.30. There wasn't a newspaper nor a printing-press in his kingdom, so he didn't know what it was to write "Times" and see it printed "dinner." There are conveniences to-day in the country almshouse, that Solomon had go without. We can buy a watch for \$20; yes, for \$5, that he couldn't have bought with his kingdom. We haven't so many wives as he had, but we have better children; much better, indeed, for while Solomon had the theory of training children all right, he never put it into practice in his own family.

There are no times like these we live in. There never will be any to equal them, until we are dead, and then times will be better and grander than they are now. Enjoy your own day, then. Remember that the world is better to-day, dearly beloved, than it was when you came into it; and that it is going to be a great deal better still when you get out of it. It is getting better all the time, and thou dost not in quite wise when thou sayest; "What is the cause the former days were better than these?"—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

## AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

"Oh, give me a message of quiet," I asked in my morning prayer; "For the turbulent trouble within me Is more than my heart can bear. Around there is strife and discord, And the storms that do not cease, And the whirl of the world is on me— Thou only canst give me peace."

I opened the old, old Bible And looked at a page of psalms, Till the wintry sea of my trouble Was soothed by its summer calms, For the words that have helped so many, And the ages have seemed more dear, Seemed new in their power to comfort As they brought me my word of cheer.

Like music of solemn singing These words came down to me—

"The Lord is slow to anger, And of mercy great is He; Each generation praises His work of long renown, The Lord upholdeth all that fall, And raiseth the bowed down."

That gave me the strength I wanted! I knew that the Lord was nigh; All that was making me sorry Would be better by and by; I had but to wait in patience, And keep at my Father's side, And nothing would really hurt me Whatever might betide.

—Marianne Farningham.

## COURAGE.

We can not conceive of any grace more important to the Christian than courage, which the apostle enumerates among the graces which embellish the Christian character. We are assured that "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, but with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." And Christ has told us that if we confess Him before men, He will confess us before His Father and the holy angels; but if we deny Him, He also will deny us. It is not only necessary that we receive Christ, but also that we confess Him. This does not consist in a mere formal declaration, but in a sincere and practical acknowledgment of His claims and our attachment to His cause. This must be uniform at all times and under all circumstances. Christ must never be denied, either by word or deed, nor our obligations to Him renounced, at any time, or under any conditions. We must consent to be singular, if need be, for His sake. Duty must be performed, improper indulgence must be denied, and sin must be rebuked. This often requires no small degree of courage. The fear of man must be banished from the mind, and the heart must be strong in the strength of divine grace, if we would be able at all times to stand up for Jesus, and maintain the honor of His cause. Christians are compared to soldiers, and like them must never shrink from duty, nor flee from any foe. Every Christian man should be a man of fortitude and courage, and ever dare to do right.—*Mетодист Recorder.*

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thing, to resolve to give to God as little as possible, and not serve Him till you must.—*F. W. Robinson.*

The man who has in him the elements of a worker for Christ will find a field or make one. Paul, when a prisoner, made converts in Caesar's household.

## Selections.

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,  
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,  
But in ourselves, our triumph and defeat.

Our fellow-creatures can only judge of what we are from what we do; but in the eyes of our Maker what we do is of no worth except as it flows from what we are.

Now the long and toilsome duty  
Stone by stone to carve and bring;  
Afterward the perfect beauty  
Of the palace of the King.

God's treasury, where He keeps His children's gifts, will be like many a mother's store of relics of her children, full of things of no value to others but precious in His eyes for the love's sake that was in them.—*Fenella.*

If heaven be the world to which we are journeying, holiness will be the way in which we shall walk from day to day; for if we do not love and cherish the Spirit of heaven here, we shall never enter heaven itself hereafter.

God's ear is ever close to our lips. It touches them. It is always listening. Thoughts speak to it loudly as words. Suffering even louder than words. The ear of Divine attention is never taken away. We sigh into it even while we sleep and dream.

Soul meets with soul;—an instant's ray  
Can forge a chain no time can sever;  
Through life, through death, by night and day,  
Thus meeting once they meet forever!

—Mrs. M. E. Blake.

I am persuaded that many persons say more about their sins being too great to be pardoned than they either believe or feel, from a supposition that it is a token of humility to talk thus. God cannot be glorified nor Christ honored by doubting of His ability or willingness to save.—*James.*

Men who have become fairly impressed by a sense of their own immortality and its redemption in Christ, become interested in the temporal well-being, and the eternal welfare of others. It has always been so, and is so still, that men who have not a sense of man's immortal welfare, have usually cared but little about his temporal interests. Hospitals and churches, orphanages and missionary societies, usually grow out of the same spiritual root.—*E. Paxton Hood.*

What are the infidels of such pure, uncontaminated morals that we should be in danger of being seduced into impiety by their example? Into what obscure recesses of misery, into what dungeons have their philanthropists penetrated, to lighten the fetters and relieve the sorrows of the helpless captive? What barbarous tribes have their apostles visited? What distant climes have they explored, encompassed with cold, nakedness and want, to diffuse the principles of virtue and the blessings of civilization?—*Robert Hall.*

## Useful Hints and Receipts.

TEN-MINUTE CAKE.—One-fourth of a pound of butter, a little less than a pound of flour, the same of sugar, six eggs beaten separately; flavor with mace, or other flavoring to taste, and bake in muffin rings.

PRESIDENT'S PUDDING.—Cut some slices of stale bread and dip each one in a custard made thus: Beat up one egg with a wine-glass full of milk and one-half ounce of powdered sugar, fry the bread quickly in butter, pile on a dish with layers of jam between the slices, pour on a thin boiled custard over and sift some good cold, served with rich cream.

QUEEN'S PUDDING.—One pint of fine sifted bread crumbs, one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg; bake until done (but do not allow it to become watery) and spread with a layer of jelly. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth with five tablespoonsfuls of sugar and juice of one lemon, spread on the top and brown lightly. This is good with or without sauce. It is very good cold, served with rich cream.

TO REMOVE MILDEW.—The most effectual method for removing mildew from fine table linen is one which has never failed with us, but which needs to be used with care. It worked to a charm in one case where a careless laundress left a basket of clothes, including the fine clothing of two little children, to stand in hot weather till every article was mildewed. Despairing, we put them in the hands of a woman noted for her wisdom in all household ways, and she brought them back in perfect condition.

Dissolve two ounces of chloride of lime in one quart of cold water. Strain this through a cloth, lest any tiny lumps remain, and soak the mildewed spots in the liquid for five or six hours, and then thoroughly rinse in clean water. This is effectual. The dangers to be avoided are the use of too strong a solution, soaking too long and insufficient rinsing, the result of which would be a weakening of the fiber of the cloth itself.

Other methods are:

1st. Cover the spot with a paste composed of soft soap, starch, salt and the juice of a lemon. The directions say half as much salt as starch. Lay the cloth wet with this mixture in the sun, and renew the operation till the spots disappear.

2d. Wet the spot in buttermilk, and leave in the sun till dry, then rinse.

3d. Use soft soap and chalk.

## Miscellaneous.

## THE RIPENING CORN.

How sweet to walk through the wheatlands brown,  
When teeming fatness of heaven drops down!  
The waving crop, with its bursting ears,  
A sea of gold on the earth appears;  
No longer robed in a dress of green,  
With tawny faces the fields are seen;  
A sight more welcome and joyous far,  
Than a hundred blood-won victories are.

Beautiful custom was that of old,  
When the Hebrew brought, with joy untold.  
The earliest ears of the ripening corn,  
And laid them down by the altar's horn;  
When the priesthood waved them before the Lord,

While the Giver of harvest all hearts adored.  
What gifts more suited could man impart,  
To express the flow of his grateful heart?

A crowd waits 'neath the cottage eaves,  
To cut the corn and bind the sheaves;  
At length is the expected sound—  
Put in the sickle, the corn is brown.  
And the reapers go forth with as blithe a soul,  
As those who join the Olympian goal;  
And sorrowless hearts and voices come  
To swell the shouts of the harvest home.

And there is a reaper on earth well known,  
Whose deeds are traced on the burial stone;  
He carries a sickle more deadly and keen  
Than e'er on the harvest field was seen;  
He cuts down the earliest ears in spring,  
As well as the ripest that time can bring;  
The tares he gathers to flame are driven:  
The wheat is laid in the garner of heaven.

—Selected.

## Science and Art.

The electric light in the light-house at Sydney, N. S. W., will be the largest of the kind in the world. The merging beam is said to have a luminous intensity exceeding 12,000,000 candles.

The largest gun of the British fleet at Alexandria throws a projectile weighing 1,700 pounds, at a velocity of over a mile in four seconds. Every time the gun is fired, 370 pounds of powder are used, and the cost of each discharge is about \$1,000.

The first likeness ever successfully obtained in this country by the Daguerre process was taken by the late Professor J. W. Draper in the autumn of 1839. His camera was a cigar box, in which was placed a spectacle lens. During the next winter a small gallery was opened, and some notable pictures were taken. Professor Morse, who invented the telegraph, succeeded Professor Draper the next winter, and from this small beginning the art of photography grew.

AMERICAN INVENTIONS IN THE EGYPTIAN WAR.—The Scientific American calls attention to the supplies for the British Army in Egypt, among which mention is made of driving apparatus, tubing, and pumps for two hundred "Abyssinian wells," by which name American drive-wells are known in England, from the circumstance that they were first used by the British army in the Abyssinian war. It is estimated that two hundred wells of the capacity ordered will furnish from two to three million gallons of water a day, and make the army independent of the surface water sources of the country. Seeing that the fresh water canals are largely in the control of Arabi, the success of the invasion may be largely contingent upon the ability which drive-wells give of obtaining water anywhere in the desert. This, however, does not exhaust the indebtedness of the British forces to American inventors. The great war ships of England are supplied with the Brush electric lamps invented at Cleveland; and as every reader will recall, it was by means of the powerful lights of the fleet that Arabi's attempts to strengthen the forts about Alexandria, under cover of night and contrary to agreement, were detected and frustrated. After the bombardment began, the electric lights played a not less important part in directing the movements of the ships at night, in guarding against surprises, and in watching the movements of the enemy on shore. During the bombardment, the most effective service was done by torpedoes; and the revolving turret is an American invention. The machine gun, another American invention, has proved an extremely efficient arm for the invading forces. One vessel fired 6,000 pounds of shot from Gatling guns the first day of the bombardment. A handful of marines, with guns of this type, were able to disperse the Alexandrian "looters" and restore order in the afflicted city, where many times their number would have failed without such aid. In the subsequent skirmishing with Arabi's troops about Alexandria, and later in the capture of Shafuf and other fortified places along the Suez Canal, the same guns on gunboats and on shore have been in constant use. It is not so well known that the small arms of the British soldiers guns are but slightly modified American guns made with machinery patterned after that developed in the shops of Springfield, Mass. The system of fixed ammunition for small arms also, and the machines by which such cartridges are made, are all of American origin.

## Personal.

It is rumored on creditable authority that Judge Allison, the oldest in service of the Pennsylvania Common Pleas judges and the oldest judge in service in the state, with the single exception of Chief-Justice Sharwood, will be tendered the position of president of Girard College, to succeed the late President Allen.

Oliver Ames, the Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, has been in the service of the Ames Shovel Works at North Easton since he was fifteen years old, and has been the superintendent. His father, Oakes Ames, is said to have died with an indebtedness of \$8,000,000. In the time of the panic the son so managed the assets

that he paid dollar for dollar, a million of dollars in legacies, and had a surplus for the residuary legatees.

The funeral of Dr. Fusey, at Oxford, on the 21st of September, was remarkable in the character and number of the distinguished men who assembled to pay the final tribute to his memory. The Prime Minister of England, Mr. Gladstone, was one of the pall-bearers; Cardinal Newman walked beside the coffin; Dean Liddon, assisted by Canon Liddon, of St. Paul's, London (one of England's great preachers), read the service; and the Bishop of Oxford pronounced the benediction. The flags of the city were at half-mast.

Frederick Marquand, formerly a prominent jeweller of New York city, who died recently at Southport, Connecticut, left about \$50,000 to various charitable societies connected chiefly with the Presbyterian Church. The rest of his estate (be left no children) he gives to Mary Virginia Marquand Tompkins Monroe (the wife of E. B. Monroe), Henry G. Marquand, Alanson Trask, and Daniel W. McWilliams, "the survivors or survivor of them, as joint tenants absolutely, without any restriction, hereby recommending and requesting, but not enjoining them, to use and distribute said residuary portion in the cause of education and the spread of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and in encouraging and aiding any good work either in our own country or in foreign lands."

## Items of Interest.

The public debt statement of the United States for September, issued October 1, shows a decrease of \$14,805,948.

About 1,149 trains pass the signal tower of the Pennsylvania railroad at Seventeenth and Filbert streets, Philadelphia, every forty-eight hours.

While Mr. William Boutwell's daughter, of Texas, aged six years, was driving a cow along a road through some thickly wooded land she was attacked by a cougar, killed and partly devoured.

The school board of Liverpool, after full discussion, have decided to use novels occasionally, instead of ordinary reading-books, in the public schools. A beginning will be made with some of Scott's works.

Certain excavations recently made in Nevada revealed in the sandstone the distinct impress of a woman's foot, 19 inches long, left there ages and ages ago. And yet they have been playing Chicago off on us as a modern city!

School libraries are greatly on the increase in France. In 1865 the number was only 4,833 and in 1874 16,648. There are now 25,913. This does not include the teachers' libraries, which number 2,348, with an aggregate of 500,000 volumes.

The exhibition at Trieste was recently much damaged by a severe hurricane. Efforts were made during the night to repair the ruined building in all haste. In attempting to unite the wires for the electric light, the engineer came in contact with an uninsulated part, and was killed instantaneously by the electric current.

Mrs. Mary F. Henderson, of St. Louis, offered in April last a prize to the pupils of Kirkwood Seminary for the best essay on "Common Sense about Women." The essays were sent in without names, and Mrs. Henderson was the judge. The girl who won the prize proved to be a Cherokee Indian, who has since graduated and gone home to the Territory to live.

An antiquary of Concord, Massachusetts, has a spinet made by Thomas Hitchcock in 1455, which was in good order some forty years ago, a bit of bed-curtain embroidered by Mary Queen of Scots, a tureen of blue china once belonging to Thoreau's grandmother, and a wild-cat set up by Thoreau himself, not to mention a real majolica plate worth two hundred dollars.

The inhabitants of Corsica have provided strong proof that they could exterminate the bandit of their country if they desired to, but refrain because they have no sympathy for the foreigners who are plundered. Antonio Battistoli had long been a terror to travellers, and nothing was done to hinder him, but when he began to rob peasants his death was promptly determined on. A lynching party was organized, he was cornered in a tavern, and several bullets ended him.

Klingenberg-on-Main is a small town not far from Aschaffenburg, which derives so large an income from its property in quarries that it is not only enabled to dispense with levying any taxes upon its inhabitants, but to present every one of its free burghers, at each succeeding Christmastide, with the equivalent in German currency of five pounds apiece. It is now stated in the Cologne *Gazette* that Klingenberg celebrated its Sedan Festival this year by distributing money gifts to its householders and children of all ages actually attending school. Each head of a family received two marks—every schoolboy and girl twenty pfennigs, or about eight cents.

Never since the discovery of gold in Australia, writes a Melbourne correspondent to the London *Times*, has there been a greater demand for all classes of labor, skilled and unskilled, than that which prevails at the present time. From the building trades and the goldfields, from the farms and from the squatters' runs, from factories, warehouses, and foundries, the cry is for fresh hands. And "a few thousand domestic servants poured into the colony from England and Scotland at the present time would be instantly absorbed by town and country at wages which would astonish themselves and the friends they would leave behind them."

Life is becoming almost unbearable in the district of the Troad, owing to a gang of brigands, by whom the district is infested. They are about fifty in number, but are constantly receiving reinforcements from the provinces of Aidia and the opposite coast. A reign of terror, it is stated, has set in since it has become known that the brigands are in possession of accurate information, derived from their captives, as to the probable "value" of each leading resident, either in the villages or in the open country. A register is kept by these lawless men of the names of wealthier inhabitants, who live in hourly expectation of a visit from them.

## Farm and Garden.

THE TOPMOST EAR OF BORN THE BEST.—Prof. Bea, of the Michigan Agricultural College, who is doing a great deal for agriculture by his experiments, sows corn, that is, of course, in dialect told by an old Irish priest to one of his favorite parishioners. In Mr. Julian Hawthorne's "Dust," the charming Perdita finds a somewhat formidable lover at her feet, but is apparently quite equal to the exigencies of the situation. The author of "Hot Plowshares" leads on the young hero, Martin Kortright, to a momentous interview with the father of his lady-love—an interview which promises to be more far-reaching in its effects than either of the interlocutors suspect. A highly interesting and important political paper by Judge Tourgee touches what may well prove to be a question on which parties will unite or divide in the near future—well-considered article which every thoughtful politician would do well to read and ponder.

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A CONVENIENT HAND CART.—A handy, quickly made, and very useful cart is formed from the wheels of the walking man plough, which most farmers have lying idle the better part of the year.

Make an axle of two-inch hard wood, and have your cart two and a half feet by four, with sides and ends six inches high, and a higher railing of lath, if desirable; balance it on the axle. Have two thin poles, five feet long, for shafts. Let two four inch bolts pass through the outer edges of the box, the axle, and the ends of shafts. Let a staple of fence wire fasten the shafts to the front of the box, and a connecting piece across the front of the shafts completes the cart. It is useful for moving manure or dirt, and will carry twice as much as a wheel-barrow, with half the labor, as the weight rests entirely on the wheels. For the boys, it is an indestructible source of endless delight; and it turns their wearisome chores into a pleasant recreation. Two hours' work will make it, and it is useful for a thousand things, from giving the little ones a ride to excavating a cellar.—Western Rural.

## Books and Periodicals.

GEMS OF ILLUSTRATIONS. From the writings of Dr. Guthrie, arranged under the subjects which they illustrate. By an American clergyman. Price, in cloth, \$1.50. Published, Funk & Wagnalls, N. Y.

The London *Times*, 1860, said: "Dr. Guthrie is the most eloquent orator in Europe." The celebrated Dr. Candlish, in an address to the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, in May, 1862, said: "Dr. Guthrie's genius has long since placed him at the head of all the gifted and popular preachers of our day." The late Dr. James W. Alexander, one of the most fastidious of critics, tells us that he pushed into Dr. Guthrie's church through a crowd that nearly tore his coat from his shoulders in the struggle. He says: "I listened to him for fifty minutes; but they passed like nothing. There was an overflowingunction of passion and compassion which would carry home even one of my sermons; conceive what it was with Guthrie's exuberant diction and poetic imagery."

Dr. Guthrie's sermons, like addresses of most of the great masters of eloquence in all ages, abounded in picturesque simile; and, indeed, few have equaled him either in the number or in the beauty and force of the illustrations employed. There is the same exactitude of graphic similitudes in the books which he wrote after the state of his health compelled him to restrict his pulpit labors; and the numerous volumes which bear his name form a perfect storehouse of anecdotes, comparisons, examples and incidents. This book contains what we conceive to be the choicest of his illustrations arranged under the subjects which they illustrate.

It has been well said that arguments are the pillars and buttresses which support the building, but illustrations are the windows which let in the light. There was an abundance of light when Dr. Guthrie preached or wrote, and it would be well if ministers, and religious teachers generally, imitated him. We commend to them not only his example, but his testimony. He says: "By awakening and gratifying the imagination, the truth finds its way more readily to the heart, and makes a deeper impression on the memory. The story, like a float, keeps it from sinking; like a nail, fastens it in the mind; like the feathers of an arrow, makes it strike, and, like the barb, makes it stick."

THE LUTHERAN QUARTERLY. October, 1882. Edited by M. Valentine, D. D., E. J. Wolf, D. D., Prof. P. M. Bikel. Contents: The Strength of Young Men, by M. Valentine, D. D.; A Monophysitic Confession, translated by Prof. George H. Schodde, Ph.D.; The Old Matin and Vesper Service of the Lutheran Church, by Rev. Edward T. Horn, A.M.; Mission-work and Prophecy, a translation from the German, of Prof. Franz Delitzsch's "Satz auf Hoffnung," by Rev. P. C. Crook, A.M.; The Lutheran Church in Ulster County, N. Y., by Rev. William Hull; The Salvation Army: Its Methods and Lessons, by Prof. C. A. Stork, D. D.; A Glance at Modern Missions, by Rev. William Kelly; Ecclesiastical Quarrelles in the United States, by Matthias Sheeleigh, A. M.; Literary Intelligence; Notices of New Publications. Terms: \$3.00 per annum, in advance.

The Bi-Centennial number of OUR CENTURY opens with a timely article on Quakers and Tories as they existed and as they still exist within the limits of Penn's city. The paper is written by Helen Campbell, and illustrated by such artists and engravers as H. L. Brown, C. C. Cooper and L. E. Faber. In it will be found much that is gratifying to Philadelphian pride and a little that may not prove altogether flattering to Philadelphian self-love. "Curious Illustrations of the Light of Asia," by K. F. Evans, repeats with local variations sundry passages in Mr. Arnold's remarkable poem. The illustrations are drawn from the

original Burmese paintings, and are very comical in their rude quaintness. "Noah's Dream," by William L. Murfree, Sr., is a capital story in dialect told by an old Irish priest to one of his favorite parishioners. In Mr. Julian Hawthorne's "Dust," the charming Perdita finds a somewhat formidable lover at her feet, but is apparently quite equal to the exigencies of the situation. The author of "Hot Plowshares" leads on the young hero, Martin Kortright, to a momentous interview with the father of his lady-love—an interview which promises to be more far-reaching in its effects than either of the interlocutors suspect. A highly interesting and important political paper by Judge Tourgee touches what may well prove to be a question on which parties will unite or divide in the near future—well-considered article which every thoughtful politician would do well to read and ponder.

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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for November, concluding the sixty-fifth volume of that periodical, is a brilliant number. Naturally, as a consequence of the immense popularity of Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson's "Anne," the most prominent feature of the number is the commencement of a new novel by the same author, entitled "For the Major." The opening chapter of the story is characterized by those qualities which have given Miss Woolson a foremost place in American fiction, and the new novel promises to be stronger as a work of art than "Anne." The leading article of the number, "The Early Quakers in England and Pennsylvania," is timely in connection with the approaching celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of William Penn's landing at New Castle. This paper, wholly apart from its timeliness and the effective pictorial illustrations contributed by the author, is important for its historical value, and the "Monthly Gossip" contains a poem of considerable length—more ambitious than anything hitherto attempted by the author in this field—entitled "Pordenone"—a dramatic representation of the conflict between Titian and an eminent fresco painter of his time, Giovanni Antonio Licinio. The poem is accompanied by an illustration drawn by Fredericks.—Mr. William Hamilton Gibson's charming paper, "Across Lots," is accompanied by thirteen exquisite drawings from the author's drawings. Mr. Gibson also contributes the frontispiece illustration for this number, entitled "Reverie," and engraved by Mr. King. —There are two full-page illustrations by Abbey—illustrating poems by Herrick.—William Henry Bishop contributes a second paper on Southern California—devoted to a truthful and interesting description of the San Joaquin Valley, and beautifully illustrated.—Miss Ellen Mackay Hutchinson's poem, "The Bride's Toilette," is a bold and original conception, and is illustrated by Thulstrup.—All who have read "Lorna Doone," the greatest romance of this generation, will read with eager interest Miss Kate Hillard's article, "The Home of the Doones," describing the places on the North Devon coast associated with the legends of the Doones and Tom Faggus. The article is effectively illustrated.—Alice G. Howe contributes a beautiful description of Manchester-by-the-Sea (Massachusetts) in autumn, illustrated by George Appleton Brown.—Mr. W. Sloane Kennedy, in "The Vertical Railway," gives for the first time the history of the passenger elevator and its improvements.

Professor John Fiske contributes a truthful and exceedingly interesting picture of Virginia society in the Colonial period.—In "The Problem of Living in New York," Mr. Junius Henri Browne, treats the subject of New York homes, with especial reference to recent developments in the construction of flats and co-operative apartment-houses.—Poems are contributed by Will Carleton, James Burke, Harrison Robertson, Juliet C. Marsh, and Horatio Nelson Powers.—Mr. George William Curtis, in the Editor's Easy Chair, discusses political reform, the coming Mrs. Langtry, English criticism on America, and the illumination thrown by wealth upon the character of its possessor.—The Editor's Drawer contains humorous contributions from R. J. Burdette (of the Burlington *Hawkeye*), H. C. Bunner, G. T. Lanigan, and Beesie Chandler. The other editorial departments are well sustained.

The November CENTURY. As the first number of a new volume, the November CENTURY gives promise of even increased excellence for the magazine during its second year under the new name. Pictorially, the November number shows that the CENTURY is as ambitious as ever for the reputation of American wood-engraving, as witness the frontispiece portrait of Florence Nightingale and the full-page portrait of Henry James, Jr., both by Cole; Elbridge Kingsley's beautiful full-page engraving, direct from nature, of a view in New England woods (accompanying which is a description by the engraver, of his manner of working); the full-page reproduction, by Krull, of an ideal bronze head which is one of the costly art-treasures of the British Museum; Mary Hallock Foote's refined and charming illustrations, engraved by Miss Powell and by Cole; and many other pictures by well-known artists, some of which have a special interest as the exponents of a new process of art reproduction.

Though the art side of the November CENTURY is so conspicuous, the contents offer striking proof of a tendency to make the literary side of the magazine paramount and of greatest possible excellence and importance, in travel, biography, fiction, poetry, criticism, and in the discussion of the foremost public questions. In earnest of this tendency, the November CENTURY presents a paper on "Veilence" (profusely illustrated) by Henry James, Jr., who treats the subject in a charming, unconventional manner, with all the vivid impression and delicate coloring that might be expected from such a subject in the hands of a brilliant novelist; a paper on Henry James, Jr., himself, by W. D. Howells, whose generous and acute judgment of his fellow novelist cannot fail to interest a wide circle of readers; a remarkably able and entertaining article on "Victor Hugo" (written expressly for the CENTURY), by the celebrated French novelist, Alphonse Daudet, who describes his personal intercourse with the poet and paints a word-portrait of Victor Hugo which will become historical—giving, besides, many interesting glimpses of Daudet's own life and literary methods; a forcible essay by Charles Dudley Warner on the sources of the material and intellectual prominence of England, and the literary embeddedness of the United States to the mother country, as also the growing literary independence of the United States; and a strong argument in the negative to the ripe question "Is the Jury System a Failure?" by Albert Stickney, who argues for the abolition of the system and suggests a substitute.

Other prominent features of the number are Edward Eggleston's description of "The Beginning of a Nation," the first of his series on Life in the American Colonies, the illustrations of which include many curious old drawings of Indian life, for which the magazine is indebted to the courtesy of the British Museum; the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden's opening chapters in his story—with a purpose looking to Christian cooperation—entitled "The Christian League of Connecticut"; a finely illustrated paper on "A New Profession for Women," in which Franklin N. North describes the Bellevue Training School for Nurses; and Mrs. M. Mitchell's illustrated paper on "The Sculptures of the Great Pergamon Altar," which are among the new and important discoveries.

The fiction of the number comprises the first chapters of Mary Hallock Foote's novel, "The Led Horse Claim," which carries the reader into new and subterranean fields of story-telling; a humorous short story by Frank R. Stockton, entitled "The Lady and the Tiger," which is in its most quiet and whimsical vein; and the continuation of Mrs. Burnett's "Through one Administration." The poems of the number are by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, H. H., James T. McKay, George Edgar Montgomery, Edward N. Pomeroy, and Richard Watson Gilder, not to forget some hitherto unpublished verses by Robt. Browning and Henry W. Longfellow, which are reproduced in autograph from a child's album, in Bric-a-Brac, which contains also a clever satire on Mr. Walt Whitman and Mr. Oscar Wilde, by Helen Gray Cone. The more serious editorial departments treat a great variety of topics. In the publisher's department is an account of the "Century's New Home," with drawings of the comfortable and spacious rooms in which the magazines are housed.

LITTEL'S LIVING AGE for October 21, 1882, contains: The Literary Restoration, 1790-1830, Cornhill Magazine; The Baroness Helene von Saarfeld, Macmillan's Magazine; Raphael Blackwood's Magazine; Robin, by Mrs. Parr, author of "Adam and Eve," part XVII; Temple Bar; A Venetian Medley, part II, and Historical Cookery, Fraser's Magazine; "Fanaticism" in the East, Spectator; The Welcome of an Inn, Saturday Review; Moonstruck, Sunday at Home; and the usual selections of poetry.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each or more than 3,300 pages a year, the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with the Living Age for a year, both postpaid. Litell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

## Married.

On the evening of October 18th, 1882, at the First Reformed Church of Lancaster, Pa., by the Rev. David Rothrock, assisted by Rev. J. A. Peters, Rev. J. V. Rothrock, of Freeland, Luzerne County Pa., to Miss Mae Farnestock, of Lancaster, Pa.,

At the Reformed parsonage, Alexandria, Pa., October 10, 1882, by Rev. M. H. Sangree, Mr. W. W. Hewitt, of Williamsburg, Pa., to Miss Maud Patterson, of Yellow Springs, Pa.

## Obituaries.

DIED.—At his home, near Shady Grove in Franklin county, Pa., Elder Samuel B. Sulivan, aged 57 years, 7 months and 2 days.

For nearly a year past the deceased has been afflicted with Bright's disease. Without a struggle or apparent suffering he passed calmly away on the evening of October 3rd, 1882.

In the days of his early manhood the deceased made a profession of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and has ever since been a faithful, liberal-hearted, and devoted member of the Reformed Church at Greencastle, Pa. During a large part of that time he had also rendered efficient service to the Church as an office bearer in the capacity of deacon, elder, and as secretary of the consistory. He had frequently represented the charge in the annual meetings of Classis and Synod. Brother Sulivan leaves a widow, a son, and four daughters to mourn his untimely decease. His son, Dr. Joseph L. Sulivan, is a graduate of Franklin and Marshall College. His two eldest daughters graduated at Dr. Staley's Seminary, and the two youngest at the Hagerstown Female Seminary. He lived and died on the ancestral estate, where his father also was born and lived to be upwards of fourscore years old. Elder Sulivan will not only be missed in the family and the Church. Few men could have departed and caused a greater void and greater regret in the community at large. He was widely known and highly esteemed as a useful, generous and public-spirited citizen. As a land and road surveyor, and as administrator of estates, his services were in great demand, and his career in all respects, was honorable. As a Democratic candidate for the Legislature, in 1876, he ran about 100 votes ahead of his ticket in his own township.

A large concourse of sympathizing friends and relatives were present at the funeral services, which were held in the large and comfortable mansion erected some years ago by the deceased. Pastor C. Cort discoursed on Eccles. 12: 14, "Let us hear the conclusion," etc. Revs. J. S. Kieffer, J. Hassler and F. F. Bahner of the Reformed Church, Rev. F. K

# The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.  
Rev. J. H. SCHLICHER,  
Rev. D. B. LADY,  
Rev. A. R. KREMER,  
synodical Editors.

To CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1882.

## AN OLD BUT GOOD LAW.

This week we are celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of Penn and the founding of the State. We were glad to find that the Bi Centennial Association had requested in their official programme, that the week should be ushered in by proper Christian services, and that the principles of religious and civil liberty should be dwelt upon in every pulpit throughout the Commonwealth. The recommendation was complied with largely on Sunday, the 22d inst.

We are especially glad that the Philadelphia Sabbath Association has taken advantage of this, to call attention to the "law concerning liberty of conscience," passed two centuries ago, and we are only sorry that a copy of it did not reach us in time to publish it in some earlier issue. We give the text of the statute now however, not simply as a relic of the past, but because of its merits and in the hope that its publication will yet do good. Even as a civil institution, William Penn regarded the observance of the Lord's day "Wherein all people shall abstain from their usual and common toil and labor," as the foundation of the State. But here is the law:

"To the end that Looseness, Irreligion and "Atheism, may not creep in, under pretence of Conscience, in this Province. "Be it further enacted by the Authority aforesaid, That, according to the example of the primitive Christians, and for the ease of the Creation, every First day "of the week, called the Lord's Day, People shall abstain from their usual and "common toil and labor. That whether "Masters, Parents, Children or Servants, "they may the better dispose themselves, "to read the Scriptures of Truth, at Home, "or frequent such Meetings of Religious "Worship, abroad, as may best suit their "respective persuasions."

Passed at an Assembly held at Chester, alias Upland, the 7th day of the 10th month, called December, 1682—*Charter and Laws of the Province of Pennsylvania.*

Mr. Beecher's late withdrawal from the Congregational Association of New York and Brooklyn, has elicited a great deal of comment on the part of the press, but should not create much surprise. Mr. Beecher in giving his reasons for the separation simply emphasizes what he has long been preaching, namely, that man is not a sinner by nature, and that the doctrine of eternal punishment is to be doubted.

He characterizes some of the teachings of the Westminster Confession as "spiritual barbarism," and withdraws from his associates because he does not wish them to be embarrassed by his pronounced views on these points.

This formal retirement amounts to very little and does not affect his relation to his congregation in the least. He may deny these fundamental truths without any danger of being arraigned for heresy. This latitude seems to be allowed by the independent church system of the Congregationalists, and Mr. Beecher was rather complimented by his brethren upon the stand he had taken. Some of them besought him to remain, his theological aberrations to the contrary notwithstanding. A prominent member of his congregation said the Plymouth church was more orthodox than its pastor, and he was "orthodox enough." It is not hard to see where this latitudinarianism upon vital points will lead to.

We see it announced that Harper & Brothers of New York have issued a new edition of a book called "*Ben-Hur: A Tale of the Christ*," by General Lew Wallace. We were favored with a copy of this book over a year ago, and have been as much pleased with it, that we wish to call especial attention to it again. All who have read it, as far as we have heard an expression of opinion, are fascinated with it. Independent of the beautiful style in which it is written, the book commands itself for the wonderful pictures it gives of the times in which our Saviour was born and gave Himself a ransom for us. The story of dearling association. The brethren, will

the three kings who met in the desert and went to Bethlehem led by the star; the graphic accounts of the state of society in pagan Rome and of the chariot races in Antioch, together with the description of the crucifixion and the difficulties with which those longing for the Deliverer had to contend, will enlist the attention of young and old. The author may have drawn upon his imagination in parts, but everything has a historical basis, and will help any one to a full sense of the reality of the scenes depicted. We bespeak for it a large sale as a Christmas present.

This anecdote which we clip from an exchange may illustrate the state of things in more than one place: "A clergyman had been invited to fill a vacant pulpit, and was to preach his trial sermon in anticipation of a call. At the house of a leading member, where he stopped, his host said he hoped he would avoid saying anything in his sermon to offend the Spiritualists, as there were many in the town, who attended their Church. Walking down street another leading light of the Church was met, who hoped he would not say anything to offend the Universalists, as many of them attended their Church. Just as he was entering the pulpit one of the deacons button-holed him and said: 'The largest liquor dealer in town is here in his pew; I hope you will not find it necessary to refer to that business.' The perplexed clergyman then inquired: 'What will I preach about?' 'Oh,' said the deacon, 'give it to the Jews; they haven't got a friend in town.' It would be well if this experience were limited to the candidate; but unfortunately the settled pastor often meets with like warnings.

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BELLEVILLE, Oct. 15th, 1882.

The clouds that hung so drearily over this region of country for some days past have risen and drifted seaward. The sight was beautiful this morning when the sun gilded them and sent them up from the mountain-tops, like emerald incense from some great altar to Jehovah. And this was quickly followed by the lifting of the veil of amethyst that dimmed the autumnal tints of the forests—prettier around here, it seems to us now, than we have ever seen them before. The Muny range of mountains and all the Nittany valley seems to be one blaze of glory. Everything is as gay as a gipsy's dress, and yet there is nothing grotesque in it all, for a Divine hand has "laid the Tyrian dyes." We have often thought that pictures of American autumn scenery were too highly colored, but exaggeration is almost impossible. A painter might as well stand in fear of excessive brilliancy when portraying the red and orange splendors of our evening skies. The defects of artists are not always in mere richness of tone.

The streams in this section of country are exceptionally fine. They come babbling down the gorges or rippling through the valleys, "now brown with shade, now sparkling in the sun," and have an irresistible charm for those who take any kind of pleasure in such things.

The town of Bellefonte, which was laid out in 1795, received its name at the suggestion of Talleyrand to Mrs. Harris, from a large crystal spring that bubbles up in one of the ravines and affords a plenteous supply of delicious water. The place is a kind of Rome, in that it is beautifully situated on seven hills. It has promising schools and manufactures, but is conspicuous for its good church buildings and its large number of elegant residences. We have never seen a town of the size that excelled it in that regard. Ex-Governor Curtin and Hon. Jas. A. Beaver, candidate for the executive chair of the State, reside here, and these gentlemen, with many others whose names we cannot mention, have thrown open their homes to the members of the Synod now in session and are extending easy, graceful hospitality to their guests.

Many of our ministers and elders visited the house of the former, where among other objects of art, may be seen the splendid pictures of the late Czar, Alexander II, and his premier, the world-renowned Gortschakoff. These portraits were painted by Brockman, the most distinguished artist of Russia. They were on public exhibition in Philadelphia during the Centennial year, and were afterwards given to Gov. Curtis by imperial command as a mark of the high esteem in which he was held while United States Minister at the Court of St. Petersburg. Both pictures are marvelously fine in themselves and their value is enhanced to the owner by high and en-

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## OUR ALMANAC FOR 1883.

A copy of the Almanac for the Reformed Church for 1883 has just been mailed to every one of our ministers, and we think it will give general satisfaction. It is an improvement upon those of the past in that it is more than ever a hand book for our people.

The list of ministers with their Post-office addresses is very complete, and our schools and other institutions, together with all the general interests of our church are set forth very prominently. It contains a vast deal of information upon subjects in regard to which the members of our communion should take interest, and which should be pushed out beyond our denominational bounds. The Calendar proper is equal to any other; the whole is furnished at mere nominal rates, and should be scattered by tens of thousands.

## PREACHING FOR MONEY.

We have a recollection, somewhat nebulous, though sufficiently clear, of a singular incident which occurred during our childhood—an old toper standing up in the midst of a congregation, looking up directly at the minister, and then startling both him and the congregation by saying, with loud voice: "When I preach, I preach for money."

We remember the commingled amusing and grave effect produced upon our young mind by that drunken freak. While musing upon the earned side of the matter we could only recoil from the idea of a minister of the gospel engaging in his holy calling with the avowed object of making money. A plain case of attempting to serve God and Mammon, in the very worst form. The tender conscience of a Christian child is wounded by the very thought of such use of the sacred office, appointed by Christ for the sole object of turning men's hearts from earthly to heavenly things.

So much for the ministry—they must not preach for money. The contrary sentiment is fit only for the addled brain of an inebriate. But we have a word for the laity; or, for elders, deacons and people. It is this: The more your minister labors for the single object of saving your souls, the better should you support him in temporal things. The less he preaches for

money, the more you ought to give him. The less carnally minded he is, the more should you give him of your carnal things. You should give him money for not preaching for money. In this way you will show by your works, rather than by whining speeches, that you rightly appreciate the spirituality of your minister. It is the meanest hypocrisy under heaven to demand of him a Christ-like abnegation of self and an undivided attention to the spiritual interests of his flock, and yet refuse to return him the poor stipend of your carnal things. It is abominable.

In the year 1836 Rev. Ephraim Kieffer organized the first Reformed Congregation at Bellefonte, and in 1844, during the pastorate of Rev. W. R. Yearick the first house of worship was built. This was a Union Church, and was occupied by Reformed and Lutheran congregations until 1858 when the Lutherans withdrew, the Reformed people having bought their interest in the property. In the spring of 1880 the old building was seriously injured by fire, and the present new structure was commenced. The building is a credit to the pastor and all concerned in its erection. It is quite a gem of architectural beauty, and we wish others would copy its style and plan. We were astonished to hear that its entire cost will not exceed \$15,000—much less than is often spent upon some "hippogriff of art,"—"half temple, and half mart." It will be consecrated on the 27th of this month, almost, and we hope entirely free from debt. The communicant members number about one hundred.

Of the proceedings of the Synod the State Clerk will tell our readers. We can only say that the meeting was a pleasant and profitable one.

Now we know just exactly how to edit a newspaper. We have seen an unusual number of brethren and nearly every one has been able to tell us all about it. The only difficulty is about like that of walking in two opposite directions at the same time.

Rev. G. H. Johnston, president of the Synod of the United States, and Rev. N. H. Skyles, president of the Potomac Synod, graduated in the same class at Franklin and Marshall College. Rev. F. Pilgram, president of the Pittsburgh Synod, graduated later.

The Synod of the United States, at its recent meeting at Bellefonte, passed strong resolutions in favor of prohibiting the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors in Pennsylvania. Rev. A. C. Whitmer preached a strong sermon on the subject before the Synod.

Elder Jacob Heyser presided at the missionary meeting, and Elder G. S. Griffith at the Sunday-school meeting, during the recent sessions of the Potomac Synod. They did it nearly as well as some of the preachers could have done it, and we would not be surprised to see more "lay" talent brought to the front in the future.

The new Gettysburg classis will receive a large and handsome accession in the person of our esteemed and genial colleague, Rev. Joshua H. Derr, who goes to New East Berlin at an early date. He holds his own in every way, and seems capable of a great deal of earnest work. If he and Dr. Moses Kieffer can't lead the hosts of Adams' sons and daughters they ought to have their names changed.

Rev. Cyrus Cort must have been gratified at Altoona, to see the work he commenced there twenty years ago, in good hands, and doing well. The old monks who yoked themselves to sleds, and plows, when materials for the monasteries were to be gathered and the gardens cultivated, had no greater zeal than the young missionary who wheeled the stones for the tower of his church, up the scaffold.

Ham sandwiches were scarce on the Pennsylvania Railroad, between Bellefonte and Philadelphia, on last Tuesday night. The brethren hurried to the depot before they got their suppers, and they cleaned out every restaurant before which the cars stopped on the way home. There was a great deal of hunger, but the sufferings were borne with good nature, as no one was man enough to tantalize his yoke-fellow by reminding him of the smoking viands he had left behind him, untouched.

The National Temperance Society has issued from its Publication House, 58 Reade Street, New York, an address by Rev. W. H. H. Hibshman, D. D., in favor of the abolition of the laws to license the sale of intoxicating drinks as a beverage in Pennsylvania. The address was delivered before the Temperance Institute of Northampton County, in the first Presbyterian Church, Easton, in February, 1881. It is a strong arraignment of the liquor traffic, and will do good.

The selection of Rev. John M. Titel, D. D., of Altoona, by the Board of Publication, as associate editor of the "Reformed Quarterly Review" has been heartily endorsed by the three eastern Synods. This will not simply relieve Dr. Thos. G. Apple, of part of his onerous duties, but bring into this service one of the best minds of the church. We think Dr. Titel especially fitted for the work assigned to him. We hope this important publication will start in next year with renewed life and vigor.

The Potomac Synod, we understand, has accepted a hearty invitation to meet next year at Newton, North Carolina. That will be the first meeting of the kind held so far South, but we predict that the remarkable feat of going there will be easily

accomplished, and prove very profitable. Time and space has been annihilated in these days of railroads, and the presence and work of the Synod will be like a wholesale missionary enterprise. It will do more for our church in the Pine Tree state, than any thing else. The Synod should arrange for plenty of time, and go out in companies under the direction of the pastor and classis, and preach in the towns, and hill country around about.

The members of the Pittsburg Synod had the most pleasant meeting they have had for years, and came home enthused with the idea of enlarged church work. The fear is that they would not be provided for in that country charge away up in the mountains proved groundless. Indeed, it will be found that such sequestered spots are just the places, for unrestricted intercourse and enjoyment. Elder Binkert, set himself to work to see that no one should suffer, and we want to see just that kind of leadership displayed by him and all other elders in the cause of missions, church periodicals and every thing else. Some of those dear brethren would be like a "steam engine in breeches," if their sympathies were enlisted in any good cause, and it only needs to fire them up to set agencies and energies at work, which would surprise the world. As it is the powers of men are latent and undeveloped.

## Communications.

### SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

The Board of Education presented its annual report on Friday morning, showing a healthy state of the finances of said Board. The report was referred to the Standing Committee on Education.

The Standing Committee on Publication submitted its report, which was ordered to be considered item by item for adoption. After considerable discussion, the report was recommended.

Communications from Bethany Orphans' Home and St. Paul's Orphans' Home were received and read before Synod. Rev. P. C. Prugh, the superintendent of the latter, and Rev. J. McConnell, president of its Board of Directors, made statements in regard to the condition and wants of the Home at Butler, Pa., and both communications were then referred to a special committee, to report on the same.

The committee on Religious Services reported making provision for services in the Reformed Church, and also in the Presbyterian, Lutheran, Methodist, and Baptist churches of Altoona.

The greetings of the Synod were sent to the Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States, in session at the same time in Bellefonte, in the adjoining county of Centre.

On Friday evening, the usual Sunday-school meeting was held, when addresses suitable to the occasion were made.

On Saturday morning the Board of Regents of Mercersburg College presented its annual report to the Synod, showing that the financial condition has improved very considerably during the past year, and that there are between 40 and 50 students connected with the college at the present time.

The Standing Committee on Minutes of Classes reported, most of the items being simply adopted. The request of Mercersburg Classis for a division into two Classes was granted, and the new Classis of Junians was ordered to be organized on Tuesday morning, May 22, 1882, just after the annual meeting of Mercersburg Classis had been held.

The election for members of the several Boards took place, resulting in the election of the following individuals, to wit: Board of Education, Revs. W. Goodrich, A. J. Heller, and Elder J. Heyser; Board of Regents of Mercersburg College, E. J. Boubrake, Esq., A. R. Schenck, and M. A. Fulz, for three years, and G. Clever, Sen., for one year; Board of Missions, Rev. Dr. Miller and Elder J. Taylor Motter; Board of Trustees of Synod, Rev. Dr. A. K. Kremer; Sunday-school Board, Rev. Wm. R. H. Datrich; and Board of Publication, Elder Henry Wirt.

During the session of Saturday afternoon, the Committee on Education reported. Among the resolutions recommended by the committee and adopted by the Synod are the following:

*Resolved*, That we hereby call the attention of our pastors and consistories to the fact that the number of students preparing for the holy ministry is inadequate to the growing wants of the church, and urge upon them the importance of seeking out and thoroughly educating young men of approved piety and talents for the work.

*Resolved*, That we command anew to our people the cause of Beneficiary Education, and urge the raising of funds to carry forward this cause.

*Resolved*, That the attention of the several pastoral charges, and the men of means within our Synod, be called to the deficiency in the resources of the Theological Seminary at Lancaster, Pa., in the hope that they may be moved to place the School of the Prophets above pecuniary need.

*Resolved*, That this Synod is willing to accept the proposed transfer of the Seminary property at Mercersburg, if it should please upon terms mutually satisfactory to all.

*Resolved*, That we are gratified to learn, through the report of the Board of Regents, of the encouraging number of students now in attendance at Mercersburg College; of the repairs and improvements made to the buildings without entailing a debt; also of the material reduction of the liabilities during the year, and of the hopeful outlook for the future of said institution.

*Resolved*, That we hereby commend anew the college to the patronage of the pastors and members of our church.

In regard to the Orphan Home, the following resolution was adopted:

*Resolved*, That our Orphan Home, Bethany and St. Paul's, commend themselves to the sympathy and liberal support of our people, and that the pastors of this Synod be requested to solicit for them contributions from their congregations or Sunday-schools, or from both as they may deem best.

The pulpits of Altoona were filled on Sunday morning by members of the Synod. All

Christ Reformed church, Rev. Cyrus Cort, the first missionary pastor of the church, preached the communion sermon, which was an able and instructive one, and delivered in the preacher's usual happy and effective style. He took his text from John viii. 12, and Matthew v. 14-16, and in the course of his remarks showed that Christ Jesus was the light of the world in full, absolute sense of the term, and that believers are lights too, but in relative, derivative and subordinate sense. A happy illustration of this relation exists in the order of the natural. The sun is the original fount source of light to the material universe. The planets are reflectors of that light. So Christ is the central sun of the moral universe, and believers in the degrees that they stand in union and communion with Christ Jesus, let their light shine so that others seeing their good works may glorify our Father in Heaven. Christ was shown to be the light of the world in a religious and historical sense. The prophets of old spoke of Messiah as the Sun of Righteousness, who should come with healing in His wings, and the Gentiles shall come to this light. The promise of the Messiah was a beacon light to the human race for 4,000 years, which promise was fully realized in the coming of the Saviour. He says, "I am the light of the world." St. John says, "In him was life, and the life was the light of men." He is the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person.

Surely no argument is needed before this audience to prove that Christ Jesus has been the Light of the World for the past 1800 years. In the degree that individuals, families and communities or nations have yielded themselves to the sanctifying influences of the Gospel of Christ have they advanced in the best elements of civilization and human progress. A part from Christ we build upon sand. Christ was also shown to be the animating and enlightening principle of the best forms of modern art and literature. Michael Angelo, Raphael, Mozart and all other gifted sons of genius found their theme and inspiration in Christ and His holy religion.

A part of the Battle Hymn of the Republic was quoted to show that even the Unitarian author was raised above her ordinary plane of religious thought, by the Christ idea. Theologians in times past sought to make the doctrine of predestination or some other subordinate doctrine the controlling or differentiating principle. But now the best thinkers, as well as the true believers, unite in making the person of Christ central and controlling. He is the Alpha and Omega. In Him the decrees and promises of God are yes and amen—living, personal, historical and everlasting realities. We need not trace the stream beyond the fountain. In Him was life, and the life was the light of men. Christ Jesus is the principle of principles. As the old theologians would say, "Principium existendi et cognoscendi"—the principle of the origin of things, and the principle through which alone we understand the true nature and relation of things. He says: "I am the way, the truth and the life—I am the resurrection and the life." So also He says: "No man knoweth the Father save the Son, and He to whom the Son shall reveal Him."

Rev. Cort referred to his first sermon as missionary pastor sent here by Westmoreland classis twenty years ago. It was on the text—"For other foundation can no man lay, than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." It was a time of war and rumors of war. The very foundations of the republic seemed to be giving way, and men's hearts were failing them. Some thought it foolish indeed and hopeless to undertake to organize a congregation or build a church at such a time. But, as some of you may remember, I told you that we represented a kingdom that had survived the downfall of republics and monarchies in ages past, and one that would endure, when all existing republics and monarchies shall have perished. In the name of the Lord of Hosts we would set up our banners on these mountains, and if true to the Great Captain of our salvation we cannot fail. With twelve or fifteen persons in humble circumstances we began this enterprise. Thank God it has become a success. The Lord prospered and established the work of our hands. May Christ Reformed Church in Altoona always remain such, not only in name but also in principle and in fidelity to our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the true Light of the world and Head over all things to the church.

STATED CLERK.

#### SYNOD OF THE REFORMED CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

##### Bethany Orphans' Home.

The report of the Managers of Bethany Orphans' Home received special attention. The attention of the church is earnestly called by the Synod to the following action:

1. Resolved, That it is with feelings of devout gratitude to Almighty God, that this Synod records the providential escape from injury and death of all the inmates of the Home.

2. Resolved, That the thanks of this Synod are hereby tendered to the Board of Managers, for their promptation in providing temporary habitations for the orphans, and the erection of the commodious edifice which is now approaching completion.

3. Resolved, That this Synod commends its prompt and liberal response of our people to the call of the Board for funds, for the erection of the new building, and that all the pastors within the bounds of this Synod be, and are hereby requested, to lift a collection in each of his congregations during the month of November next, and appropriate the proceeds of the same to the building fund of Bethany Orphans' Home.

4. Resolved, That all our pastors be requested to keep the cause of the orphans before the attention of their people, and ask their liberal contributions in its behalf.

##### Theological Seminary.

Synod endorsed the action of the Board of Trustees of the classes and congregations, and urges all congregations, which have not yet done so, to take at least one collection for the Seminary as soon as practicable. In regard to this institution, the following action was taken:

Resolved, That this Synod hereby express its heartfelt gratitude to the Great Head of the church for His blessing and for the measure of prosperity which the Seminary enjoyed during the past year.

Resolved, That we devoutly pray God that He may continue to bless the Seminary and all connected with it, to the Glory of His name, and to the advancement of his King-

dom, and that we pray the Lord of the Harvest that He would send forth more labours into His vineyard.

Resolved, That we call the attention of our young men to the great need of the church for more laborers to occupy our vacant charges and the various mission fields which are opening, also that we urge upon our ministers to present to their prayerful consideration the duty of consecrating themselves to the work of the ministry.

Resolved, That this Synod reaffirms the action of the Danville Synod, which authorizes the Trustees of the Seminary to take such measures as they may deem expedient, to raise funds to meet the deficiencies in the in-

##### Home Missions.

The Board has 55 missions under its care. 30 of the same in Pennsylvania, 3 in Virginia, 1 in Delaware, 3 in Maryland 2 in North Carolina, 1 in Washington, 1 in New York, 1 in Kansas, 1 in Missouri, 1 in Nebraska, 2 in California, 4 in Oregon, 1 in Washington Territory and 2 in Iowa.

To sustain these, \$16,500 will be needed.

The Board owes \$1,600 on a loan made for Washington Mission and hence calls the attention of Synod to the fact that the apportionment made for the payment of that debt should be as promptly made as possible. Let all those who are delinquent attend to this duty without delay.

The little paper known as the Missionary Herald, doing a good work in its sphere, received this endorsement from Synod.

Resolved, That the Reformed Missionary Herald be, and the same is, heartily recommended to our congregations as a means to advance the cause of missions.

##### Foreign Missions.

In regard to Foreign Missions the following action was taken:

Resolved, That we have heard with pleasure of the prosperity of our Missionary in Japan, and hope that its future success may meet the expectation of the church.

Resolved, That its present condition and future prospects, should urge the members of the church to contribute more freely for its support.

Resolved, That we praise God for His blessing which He has thus far bestowed upon our efforts to extend His kingdom and promote His glory among the heathen, and that we beseech Him to preserve the life and health of our Foreign Missionary and his family.

Resolved, That this Synod renewedly commends the cause of Foreign missions to the prayers and liberality of the church.

##### Publication Board.

The report of the Board of Publication shows a decided improvement in its operations. The liabilities have been decreased \$3,600 during the last year. The list of our periodicals have been increased. The outlook of our Publication interests are hopeful for the future. Synod adopted the following action:

Resolved, That we again commend to the parties and congregations within our bounds through the Classes all the periodicals published under the direction of the Board of Publication.

Resolved, That the scholar's quarterly and primary lesson papers meet the expectation of the church and have proved themselves valuable helps in our Sunday-school work, and that the several Classes in this Synod be and are hereby requested to call the attention of their Sunday-schools to the same, and urge them to adopt them wherever it is practicable.

Resolved, That the several Classes of this Synod are hereby earnestly requested to recommend to the Sunday-school within their bounds to give the Board their patronage and individual support in the branch of their operations.

Resolved, That the Synod approves the appointment of Rev. J. M. Tizel, D. D., as co-editor of the *Reformed Church Quarterly*.

Resolved, That it is hereby recommended to the pastors within the bounds of this Synod through the Classes to lift at least one collection, in each of their congregations during the Synodical year for the use of the Publication Board.

The *Reformirte Hausfreund* had a more successful year than at any time in its past history. It is still edited by Dr. Bausman. It is doing a good work for the church. One hundred dollars of its net proceeds have been given during the year to the cause of church extension. It receives the commendation of Synod in its mission.

Rev. J. H. Sechler having resigned the position of Synodical editor of the *Messenger*, Rev. H. H. W. Hibschman, D. D., was elected by Synod to fill the vacancy.

Mr. Geo. Gelbach was re-elected as a member of the Publication Board.

##### Subject of Intemperance.

Whereas the almost incredible amount of \$600,000 is annually expended in the United States for intoxicating liquors, and

Whereas one half the taxes levied on the people of the United States is directly chargeable to the use or abuse of alcoholic beverages and

Whereas the most appalling amount of crime, suffering and disgrace is caused by the liquor traffic, and

Whereas the efforts hitherto made have failed to furnish an adequate remedy, therefore

Resolved, That this Synod favors the total prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drink as a beverage, by Constitutional Amendment.

Resolved, That Synod earnestly desires its pastors, elders and deacons, and people, to continue to use all proper means to educate the public mind and conscience to the approval of this remedy.

##### Apportionments.

In regard to the question of apportionments the following action was adopted by Synod:

Resolved, That all apportionments made by Synod, are an expression of the needs of the church and that the gifts of the people are voluntary offerings to Christ.

Resolved, That the monies that Synod may at any time wish to raise be apportioned among the classes on the basis of Communication-Membership.

Time and place for next annual meeting of Synod—An invitation from Reading was accepted and Synod resolved to hold its next annual meeting in St. Paul's Memorial Church, Reading, on the 2d Wednesday in October, 1883, at 7:30 P. M.

##### Statistics.

Ministers, 215; congregations, 449; members, 69,816; unconfirmed, 40,080; Inf. B-pisms, 5,810; adults, 895; confirmed, 3,941; certificates, 1,397; communicants, 55,321; dismissions, 722; excom., 2; ex-eid., 521; deaths, 2,806; Sunday-schools, 522; S. schols, 42,696; students for ministry, 48;

benevolent contributions, \$37,956.17; con-gregational purposes, \$291,426.15.

##### CHURCH DEDICATION.

St. Peter's Reformed Church at Erie, Somerset Co., Pa., was dedicated with appropriate services on Sunday, September 10, 1882.

This has been a preaching point for the past fifty years, and several attempts were made in the past to build a church at this point. During the pastorate of Rev. Ebiken, an attempt was made which resulted in the building of the Beane Church, and under the pastorate of Rev. D. B. Ernst a second attempt was made which resulted in the building of the Casebeer Lutheran Church. Under the pastorate of Rev. W. H. Bates the third attempt was made, which was successful, and resulted in the building of a neat and comfortable frame building. This building was dedicated on Sunday morning, September 10, 1882. Rev. H. King, of Somerset, preached the dedicatory sermon, based on the last clause of the 93d Psalm. Revs. Heldman and Bates assisted the pastor in the altar services. Services were also held on Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings. The attendance was very large on Sunday morning, a great many had to remain outside. The amount necessary to cover the remaining indebtedness, \$479, was secured before the church was dedicated. The structure is an ornament to that section of the county in which it is located, and a credit to the liberality of the small congregation.

##### SPECIAL APPEAL.

To the Pastors and Consistories of the Synods of Pittsburgh, Ohio, North-West and Potowmac:

Beloved Brethren in the Lord:—The St. Paul's Orphan Home, at Butler, Pa., will need for this year, \$6,000 to meet the obligations already assumed by the Board of Directors; \$3,000 for current expenses, and \$3,000 to pay for the new wing, now completed. In addition to which, there are now ten applications for admission of children, wholly destitute, requiring still larger contributions, else the Board must refuse to receive them into the Home.

To meet these pressing necessities, the Synod of Pittsburgh, at its late meeting, raised the liberal sum of \$400, mostly in five and ten dollar donations, and requested the Board to present the subject to all the pastors and consistories of the Synods named above, earnestly requesting that they now continue the work of securing special contributions, so liberally begun by the Pittsburgh Synod, till the amount needed be raised. This with the usual Christmas offerings of congregations and Sunday-schools, will meet the wants of all now in the Home, pay for the new wing, and admit the ten children, whose admission to refuse were said, indeed.

All monies are to be sent to E. Wolff, Jr., No. 50 Wood street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

By order and on behalf of the Board of Directors of St. Paul's Orphan Home,

JOHN MC CONNELL,

President.

SALINA, Pa., September 28th, 1882.

##### A CARD.

In behalf of the Committee of Arrangements of the Reformed Sunday school picnic at Mont Alto Park, August 31st, I undersigned acknowledge the receipt of \$366.47 rebate from the authorities of the Cumberland Valley Railroad. This sum has been distributed among the different Reformed Sunday schools that took part in the excursion, on basis of the number of tickets sold their respective stations, and may be regarded as a handsome donation or bonus, for which our thanks are due to Col. Boyd and his corporation that he so faithfully represents. The above amount does not include rate over the Mont Alto R. R., received by Waynesboro, etc., Sunday schools.

##### Church News.

##### OUR OWN CHURCH.

###### SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

At the communion held in the Second Reformed church, Harrisburg, on the 15th inst., five new members were received. These with the five received at the summer communion, but unreported, made ten additions. Eight of these are heads of families. Rev. Geo. W. Snyder is the pastor.

###### SYNOD OF PITTSBURG.

At the fall communions in the Beaver charge, held on the 8th and 15th inst., nine persons were received into the full communion of the church, five by confirmation and four by certificate. The regular classes of catechumens are still kept up, and will be confirmed at the winter communions.

On Thursday, October 12, a number of the members of the Beaver charge, Clarion Co., gave the pastor, Rev. J. F. Wiant, a surprise donation. The gifts were timely, valuable and frequent. The pastor and family are sincerely thankful to the donors, and invoke God's rich blessings, temporal and spiritual, upon them. May this as well as the other tokens of confidence and good will serve to unite pastor and people more closely, and encourage all to greater earnestness and devotion in the blessed Master's service.

##### General News.

###### HOME.

The Tariff Commission has been in session this week in Philadelphia.

We go to press, all Philadelphia is aglow with the Bi Centennial fever.

Hon. John D. Drexel, formerly public printer, died at Berkeley Springs, Virginia, on the 19th.

Mr. Tera-hima Minona, Mr. Yashida's successor as Japanese minister to this country, has reached Washington.

Official investigation shows that the Jeanne-Claire, owned by Mr. Bennett to the Arctic regions was not seaworthy.

Forty-two cases of yellow fever and two deaths were reported on Friday at Pensacola. Total cases to date, 1878; deaths, 158.

##### FOREIGN.

Reports from Baden, October 20, say that the Emperor William has entirely recovered from his indisposition.

London, Oct. 17.—The Times this morning says that unless proper arrangements be made by the Egyptian authorities to secure a fair trial for Arabi Pasha and his fellow-leaders, it is possible that the British Government will require that they be handed back into English custody.

Arabi has been denied the permission to employ foreign counsel. The decree of the Council of Ministers proclaiming the deposition of the Khedive, the existence of which Arabi vehemently denied, has been found at the house of Rifaat Bey, bearing his signature and that of the other Ministers.

London, Oct. 20.—From a report made by the commander of the steamer Louise, a trading vessel which endeavored to reach the mouth of the Yenisei river, in company with the Dutch Arctic Expedition ship Varna, it is considered that both the Varva and the vessel of the Danish Arctic Expedition are in a dangerous position, as they were both beset by ice in the Kara Sea, about eighty miles from the continent.

Negotiations for international copyright between France and Germany, which have been going on for some time, are approaching a satisfactory conclusion. It is not intended to conclude a copyright convention between the two countries. The design is to arrive at an agreement for uniform legislation in each country, so as to determine the rights of French authors in Germany and of German authors in France. It is proposed that the term of copyright should extend over the author's lifetime and for thirty years after his death.

##### CHURCH ALMANAC FOR 1883.

Our Church Almanac for 1883 is now ready for distribution. The following is the schedule of prices:

1 copy, postage paid,	\$ .10
12 copies,	.65
50 "	2.50
100 "	4.75

To which must be added 12 cents a dozen for postage, if sent by mail.

A discount of five per cent. for cash.

We have endeavored to improve the appearance of the Almanac, and have it contain as usual an amount of matter that must prove interesting and instructive to every Church member. We have also added eight more pages—which gives more space to be filled with valuable reading matter. We have tried to make it truly a year book for the church. For this purpose we hope pastors and members will aid in its circulation, so that it may reach at least every family in the church. Send in your orders at once.

Address,

REFORMED CHURCH PUB. BOARD,

907 Arch street, Phila.

##### GERMAN ALMANAC FOR 1883.

We have received a supply of German Almanacs for 1883, from the German Publishing House, Cleveland, O., which we will furnish at the following rates:—

Single copy, postage paid,	12 cts.
Twelve copies,	95 cts.

To which must be added 15 cents a dozen for postage, if sent by mail.

A discount of five per cent. for cash.

Address,

REFORMED CHURCH PUB. BOARD,

907 Arch street, Phila.

##### CHRISTMAS SEASON—1882.

We have in course of preparation and publication two (2) NEW CHRISTMAS SERVICES. These together with that we have already, will afford pastors and superintendents of Sunday-schools a choice variety from which to make selections. Will have also a supply of Christmas Annals from different publishers, from which may be selected choice and appropriate carols. Samples sent for 5 cents each. Samples of Christmas Services, 5 in number, sent on receipt of 15 cents.

Also a full supply of Christmas and Reward cards. Address,

REFORMED CHURCH PUB. BOARD,

907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

##### FOR PASTORS AND CONSISTORIES.

We have, because of inquiries after something of the kind, just had published blank CERTIFICATES OF DISMISSION OF CHURCH MEMBERS, bound in book form of 50 each, with stubs—which we will furnish, postage paid, at 40 cents a copy. Pastors and consistories will find it useful and convenient, as well as cheap as to price. Every pastor ought to have one. We are prepared to fill orders for it.

## Tommy's Department.

## THE ROBIN'S FAREWELL.

Sweet Summer is over,  
Ripe Autumn is past;  
And Winter has come,  
With its cold, chilling blast.  
The ground is all covered,  
Wherever I go,  
With the fast-falling flakes  
Of the soft, downy snow.  
  
The tree where my nest hung  
Is leafless and bare;  
And its naked limbs shiver  
In the cold, biting air.  
While covering it over,  
Above and below,  
Are the fast-falling flakes  
Of the soft, downy snow.  
  
My mate has departed;  
My fledglings have flown;  
And I, too, must hasten,  
Or perish alone.  
For though light as my feathers,  
I very well know,  
Are the fast-falling flakes  
Of the soft, downy snow.  
  
Yet so cold is their nature,  
While dropping so white,  
That, wherever they sparkle,  
They hither and thither.  
So I, too, must hasten—  
Must hasten to go  
From the fast-falling flakes  
Of the soft, downy snow.

—Young Reaper.

## MALIBRAN AND LITTLE PIERRE.

In an humble room, in one of the poorest streets in London, Pierre, a faithful French boy, sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet, and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming to keep up his spirits. Still at times he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes; for he knew that nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother as a good, sweet orange, and yet he had not a penny in the world.

The little song he was singing was his own—one he had composed, both air and words—for the child was a genius.

He went to the window, and looking out saw a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madam Malibran would sing that night in public. "Oh, if I could only go!" thought little Pierre; and then pausing a moment, he clasped his hands, his eyes lighted with a new hope. Running to the little stand he smothered his yellow curls, and taking from a little box some old stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

"Who did you say was waiting for me?" said Madame to her servant. "I am already worn out with company."

"It is only a very pretty little boy, with yellow curls, who said if he can just see you, he is sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment."

"Oh, well, let him come!" said the beautiful singer, with a smile; "I can never refuse children."

Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm and in his hand a little roll of paper. With manliness unusual for a child he walked straight to the lady, and bowing, said, "I came to see you because my mother is very sick and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought, perhaps, that if you would sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, maybe some publisher would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get food and medicine for my mother."

The beautiful woman arose from her seat. Very tall and stately she was. She took the roll from his hand and lightly hummed the air.

"Did you compose it?" she asked; "you a child! And the words? Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked.

"Oh, yes!" and the boy's eyes grew bright with happiness; "but I couldn't leave my mother."

"I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening, and here is a crown with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here is, also, one of my tickets. Come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her not without tears, of his good fortune.

When evening came and Pierre was admitted to the concert hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so great a place. The music, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds, and rustling of silk, bewildered his eyes and brain.

At last she came, and the child sat with his glance riveted on her glorious face.

Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels; and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song?

Breathless, he waited—the band, the whole band struck up a plaintive little melody. He knew it, and clasped his hands for joy. And oh! how she sang it! It was so simple, so mournful. Many a bright eye dimmed with tears, and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song—oh, so touching!

Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air.

What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day he was frightened at a visit from Madame Malibran. She laid her hands on his yellow curls, and, turning to the sick woman, said: "Your little boy, madame, has brought you a fortune. I was offered this morning by the best publisher in London, £300 for his little song, and after he has realized a certain amount from the sale, little Pierre, here, is to share the profits. Madame, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven."

The noble-hearted-singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and tempted, he knelt down by his mother's bedside and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction.

The memory of that prayer made the singer more tender-hearted, and she who was the idol of England's nobility, went about doing good. And in her early happy death, he who stood beside her bed and smoothed her pillow and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was little Pierre of former days now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day.—*London Christian World.*

## THE BLIND-WORM

I was seated one sunny morning on the lawn in front of a pretty cottage, when the children of the household came running up to me in much excitement to say that pussy had just come out of the garden with a serpent in her mouth! This was agitating news, and we were not long running off in quest of a secure retreat. From the parlor window we watched the cat as she paced up and down the lawn with her head erect, and waving her tail in conscious pride at her victory over the serpent.

After awhile she left it lying apparently dead and we then went cautiously to examine the enemy. It was about as thick as a man's finger, and thirteen inches long. Pussy had bitten it on the neck, which had caused its death. Upon showing it to the gardener, he pronounced it to be a larger specimen of the "blind-worm."

This reptile is found all over Great Britain, though very rare in some parts. It is rather an interesting creature, as it seems to be a link between the serpent proper and the lizard.

The blind-worm is seldom longer than sixteen inches, and is of nearly equal thickness throughout its length; the tail is not tapering but blunt. It is very shy and easily frightened, and is a perfectly innocent creature, though often persecuted by ignorant persons under the idea that it is venomous.

It is a mistake to suppose that it is blind; its eyes, though very small, being quick and brilliant. It feeds on slugs and small insects, and if it is in a garden at all it is sure to be found concealed under dead leaves, or among decaying vegetable matter. Its tongue is forked, but not nearly so much so as in the true serpent. It is altogether an interesting creature, and if it is not of much use it does no harm to any one.—*Chatterbox.*

## WHAT TOM DID.

It was the first clear, cold day after Christmas. The boys and girls were on the hill coasting. They were shouting and laughing as loud as they could, even those who had no sleds.

"Happy New Year to you!" shouted Tom Ross, as away he went on his pretty sled. A brand new sled it was too; his uncle had given it to him on Christmas Eve.

When Tom had been up and down the hill ever so many times he suddenly thought:

"What a great, big, selfish boy I am! Why don't I ask some other boy to get on my sled and have fun too?"

There was little Joe King, who had no sled.

"Come Joe! jump on!" cried Tom, "Hurrah! here we go!"

After that Tom did not stop with just wishing people a "Happy New Year;" he tried to think of kind ways to make it a happy time to every one. And he was happier too.

## THE MAMELUKE'S LEAP.

In Cairo, Egypt, beyond the mosque, in the outer angle of the fortress, and just at the point where the rocky face of the hill upon which it stands falls away into a sheer precipice, lies a spacious quadrangular court-yard, paved with broad flat stones and encircled by a quiet, shady colonnade, the back of which is formed by the ramparts themselves. As you enter this quadrangle, a gray-haired Arab, who seems to haunt it, tells you in a tone of sombre meaning that it is the Court of the Mamelukes.

The name recalls at once the half-forgotten details of one of the grandest and gloomiest tragedies of modern times, and, for any one who wishes to know what Egypt really is, it is worth while to look back and see what deeds were done in this quiet spot on a certain fine summer evening with the memory of men who are still alive.

\* \* \* \* \*

The evening sun is just beginning to reddens the bold ridges of the Mokattam Hills (which flank Cairo on the east) as a troop of horsemen, mounted on superb Arab coursers and arrayed in all the barbaric splendor of eastern warriors, ride gallantly over the winding path leading to the gate of the citadel. All are stout and stalwart men, armed to the teeth, and seemingly quite ready to use their weapons at a moment's notice against either friend or foe.

These are the famous Egyptian Mamelukes, the hereditary aristocracy of the land, who once faced the best soldiers of Bonaparte himself beneath the shadow of the Pyramids, and from whose ranks came the renowned Sultans that formerly ruled all Egypt from the sea to the cataracts of the Nile. Proudly do they file in through the gloomy old gateway, rejoicing to think that even Mehemet Ali Pasha himself, the dreaded governor of Lower Egypt, thinks it prudent to stand well with the Mamelukes and bid them to ~~rest~~ in his own citadel at Cairo.

Little do they dream what manner of feast it is to. Mehemet Ali is not the man to let ~~one~~ stand in his way, and these haughty chiefs, with their fierce courage and comfortable notions of independence, have long been a burden to him. If he stands (as he does) to become absolute master of all Egypt, he or they must go; and he has already made up his mind which of the two it shall be.

In all their pride and splendor the doomed men march gallantly into the fatal court-yard whence they are never to return. The gate shuts unperceived behind them as they enter, while a crowd of obsequious servants press around them to aid in dismounting, tie up their horses and marshal "the noble chiefs" to their appointed places.

The last glow of sunset (for this strange banquet-hall has no roof but the open sky) the well-spread tables and colored lamps, the crimson hangings of the encircling colonnade, the dark, handsome faces and rich dresses of the Mamelukes, made a goodly show. But, although most of the guests seemed in high good humor with everything, one scarred veteran, with a long gray beard hanging over his brawny chest, looked ominously grave and gloomy.

"What ails thee, Father Hassan?" asked a tall, handsome lad beside him. "Thy face is as dark as the peaks of the Mokattam before a storm!"

"I am but ill at ease, friend Said," answered the old warrior. "Last night I dreamed that a wild hare ran past me, and thou knowest what that forebodes."

Evidently Said did know, by the sudden clouding of his bright young face.

"Well said the wise man, that an enemy's gifts bring evil," pursued Hassan. "Mehemet Ali Pasha loves us not, and here, in his own stronghold, who knows what he may do?"

"Ha! thinkst thou that the Pasha means treachery?" cried the young chief, with a fierce gleam in his large black eyes and a significant clutch of his jeweled sword hilt. "If it be so, let him beware! for he who beats the thicket for an antelope may chance to rouse a lion! But this is idle talk—he dares not!"

"He dares not," echoed three or four of the others, with a disdainful laugh; and the fear began.

Long and merrily did they revel; but just as their mirth was at its height, a shrill, whistling, sharp and ominous as the scream

of a vulture, pierced the still night air. Instantly the hangings of the colonnade fell, and from behind the pillars, with a flash and a roar like the outburst of a thunderstorm, a deadly volley of musketry came crashing among the revelers.

In a moment all was confusion. The betrayed Mamelukes sprang to their feet and grasped their swords and daggers; but what could these avail against the merciless bullets that hailed upon them without ceasing? Down they went, man on man, and among the first that fell was poor old Hassan, whose gloomy prophecy was but too truly fulfilled.

Yet even in this deadly peril, the brave young Said did not lose his presence of mind. At the first alarm he had sprung to his horse and untied it, but the outer gate was shut. There was only one chance left. As the howling murderers closed in to finish their work, Said spurred his horse and darted like an arrow through the doorway leading from the colonnade to the rampart that overhung the precipice.

An exulting yell broke from the enemies as they rushed after him, to think that now they had him fast, hemmed in as he was between their leveled weapons and the fearful gulf beyond. But they little knew Said, the Mameluke. One defiant shout, one headlong bound forward into the empty air, and the horse and man vanished into the fathomless depth of blackness below.

Even the savage soldiers turned away in horror from the sight of that desperate leap, little dreaming that their prey had escaped them after all. Yet so it was. The horse was killed, but the daring rider escaped with a broken limb to die long years after in a distant land, upon a far nobler battle-field!—*Our Continent.*

## MOTHER'S WEE MAN.

Two violet eyes,  
Intent and wise,  
This great world view  
With a grave surprise;  
Gaze at it, master it,  
Rule, if you can!  
That is the problem—  
Mother's wee man.

Two sensitive ears,  
With unknown fears,  
Turn at each sound,  
The darling hears;  
'Tis a strange great world,  
But love is its plan,  
There is no danger,  
Mother's wee man.

Each tiny pink fist,  
Fit but to be kissed,  
Waves hither and thither,  
Wherever they list;  
The right 'gainst the wrong,  
Strike a blow when you can!  
That is the battle,—  
Mother's wee man.

Two delicate feet,  
All dimpled and sweet,  
To walk this rough earth  
Seem strangely unmeet;  
Yet tread the path boldly,  
It is but a span,  
Life's little crossing.—  
Mother's wee man.

With violet eyes,  
Intent and wise,  
A spotless babe  
Untried he lies;  
Life and Death—meet them  
Unshrinking who can;  
Both of one substance,—  
Mother's wee man.

—D. H. R. Goodale.

## WHAT JESUS MAY SAY.

Two young girls were walking leisurely home from school one pleasant day in early autumn, when one thus addressed the other:

"Edith Willis, what will the girls say when they hear you have invited Maggie Kelly to your party?"

Edith was silent for a moment, and then, raising her soft blue eyes to those of her companion, she replied:

"Ella, when mamma told me to invite Maggie I asked her the same question. She told me it made no difference what the girls said who thought Maggie quite beneath them because she was poor and her school-bills were paid by my father; and she asked me if I would like to hear what Jesus would say. So she took her Bible and read to me these words: 'And the King shall answer and say unto them, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

Ah, little readers! never ask what this and that will say while you are doing what is right, but what Jesus, your King, will say on the glorious resurrection morning that will soon dawn upon us.

## PUNCTUATION.

Punctuation, like fire, is "a good servant, a hard master." The man who wrote a book and left all the punctuation-marks at the end for the reader to put in as he chose, was not the only one who has appreciated the difficulties of pointing composition, and felt unequal to it.

Lindley Murray laid down twenty rules to govern the use of a comma, and Wilson, in his "Treatise on Punctuation," gives nineteen. No wonder that with so many rules people get confused as to the proper uses of this, the smallest grammatical division in written or printed matter. Many illustrations might be given to indicate the important character of the errors that arise from its omission or improper use, but the following will suffice:

In the "Imperial Dictionary" the word "tarn" is thus defined: "A small, mountain, lake or pool." The improper use of the comma after mountain makes tarn signify three things: First, a mountain; second, a lake; and third, a pool—instead of simply a mountain-lake or pool.

A printer, meddling with the verdict of a coroner's jury, by inserting a comma after "drinking," instead of after "apoplexy," made it read thus: "Deceased came to his death by excessive drinking, causing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

## Pleasantries.

A hackman recently went into the surf at Long Branch, and encountered a huge shark. Their eyes met for an instant, when the shark blushed and swam out.

Several of our exchanges are devoting considerable space to the importance of "cooking girls." It's no use. We don't want them cooked. The raw damsel is good enough for us.

A Northern man has recently paid a dollar to a Southern farmer for a turkey he stole during the war. If this movement should become general, the South would soon be the "moneyed" end of the counter.

The following words of wisdom are from Josh Billings: "When a man comes to me for advice, I find out the kind of advice he wants, and I give it to him. This satisfies him that he and I are two as smart men as there is living."

"How do I manage to rid myself of bores?" said a woman of the world. "Nothing is easier. When I want to send a man away, I talk to him about myself. When I want him to stay indefinitely, I talk to him about himself."

An old bachelor leaving his boarding-house for a week's journey, after taking leave of his landlady, stepped up to a salt mackerel on the table, shook him by the tail and said, "Good-by, old fellow, I will see you when I return."

She had just landed from Ireland, and was at once engaged in a Philadelphian's family. She opened a watermelon the other day, for the first time in her life. Two minutes afterwards she was seen dusting the inside with roach poison.

A Chicago minister makes a note of the fact that he has never seen a lady reading a newspaper in a street car. Well? He has never seen a lady smoking on a car platform, either, has he? It simply goes to show that a lady is no gentleman.

"No perceptible change," said he, as he read the head lines in the evening paper. "No, nor there hasn't been any for a week," said she, turning his vest pockets inside out; "and if some isn't forthcoming pretty quick, there'll be trouble."

Nowadays, when the traveler in the Holy Land asks to be directed to the Mount of Olives, he receives some such reply as follows: "Go up to the telegraph station; turn to the right and follow the railroad until you see a beer-garden; then steer for the beer-garden, and you can't miss it."

"Those people," said the pastor solemnly, after giving out his text, "who are either too poor or too stingy to afford fly-screens at home are perfectly welcome to sleep in this church every Sunday morning." And then he went on with his sermon; but he preached to the wide-awake congregation a good man ever looked down upon.



## PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Wholesale Prices.

MONDAY, October 23.

CORRUGATED IRON was 10c lower and weak under a slow demand, closing dull on a basis of \$1.10c. for middling uplands; 11c. for low middling, and 10c. for good ordinary.

FLOUR.—We quote winter extras at \$3.50@4; Pennsylvania family, chief: \$5; Ohio and Indiana do. at \$3.70@5.75; St. Louis and Southern Illinois do. at \$5.50@6; Minnesota clears at \$5.50, 5.75; do. straight at \$6@6.37; winter patent at \$6.37@7. and spring do. at \$6.75@7.50. Buckwheat Flour was steady at \$3.75 per cwt. for new. Rye Flour was firm at \$4.37½ for Pennsylvania.

WHEAT.—Sales of 1,000 bushels Delaware fults track at \$1.10; 1,000 bushels do longberry red track at \$1.17, with \$1.10 bid and \$1.10½ asked for ear lots No. 2 red in elevator, and \$1.10 bid and \$1.10½ asked early for October, but closing at \$1.09½ bid and \$1.10½ asked; 16,000 bushels November early at \$1.11, with \$1.10½ bid and \$1.11 asked at the close; 5,000 bushels December early at \$1.11½; 50,000 bushels do. later at \$1.12, with \$1.12½ bid and \$1.12½ asked at the close; 50,000 bushels January early at \$1.13½ bid and \$1.13½ asked.

CORN.—Sales of 600 bushels low steamer in grain depot at \$8½; 3,000 bushels sail mixed in ears and Twenty-first street elevator at \$7c.; 600 bushels do. in export elevator at \$8c.; 1,200 bushels do. do. later at \$8c., with \$8½ bid and \$8½ asked for October; 5,000 bushels November early at noon call at \$8c., with \$8½ bid and \$8½ asked at the close; 50,000 bushels December early at \$7½, and 50,000 bushels do. at the close at \$8c.; 50,000 bushels January at noon call at \$8c., with \$8½ bid and \$8½ asked.

OATS.—Sales of 2 cars No. 2 mixed at \$40c.; 5 cars No. 3 white at \$43@44c., chiefly 43@44c., and 7 cars No. 2 do. at \$43@44c., closing at \$43c. bid and \$43c. asked. Futures continued dull and without important change until the last call, when there was \$4.00 advance, the market closing firm at \$43c. bid and \$43c. asked for October; 46c. bid and \$46c. asked for November; 47c. bid and 47c. asked for December; and 47c. bid and 47c. asked for January.

Rye grain in small supply and firm at about \$7.00 for Pennsylvania.

SUGAR.—Sales of 1,000 hogsheads centrifugal, testing 94 degrees, at \$3.13c.; and 500 hogsheads Cienfuegos Muscavado at \$7@7½; for fair to good. Refined were firm and in good demand at 9c. for cut loaf and crushed; 9c. for powdered; 9c. for granulated; 9c. for mold A, and 9c. for standard A.

PROVISIONS.—We quote Mass Pork at \$25.00 salt shoulders, 11@11½ do. smoked, 12@12½; pickled shoulders, 10½@10½ do. smoked, do. 12½; pickled bellies, 15@15½ do. smoked, do. 16@17½; loose butchers' lard, 12½; prime steaks, do. 13½ 13.65; city kettle do. 14c.; Beef Hams, \$18@19.00, to brand; smoked Beef, 16@18c.; sweet-pickled Hams, 14½@14½c., as to average; smoked do., 16@17½c.; extra India Men+Beef, \$29. f.o.b.; city family do. \$18; packet, \$16@16.50, f. o. b. City Tailor quiet at 8½c. in hogheads. Oleo Stearine, 10c@11c.; Lard do., 14½@14½c.

LIVE POULTRY.—Chickens were steady and selling fairly at 12@14c. for mixed lots, and 14@15c. for spring and choice old hens. Ducks continued dull at 11@12c.

BUTTER.—We quote Pennsylvania creamery extras 84c.; Western do. do. 84c.; good at 82c.; Bradford fresh, 31@32c.; do. firsts, 28@29c.; New York State tubs, fresh 27@28c.; do. firsts, 27@28c.; Western extras fresh, 27@28c.; do. good to prime, 20@23c.; fancy, 15@20c.; common shipping grades, 11@13c.; medium, do. 13@15c.; scrapings and grease, 4@6c.; prints, choice to fancy, 38@38½; do. firsts, 32@33½; do. seconds, 25@28c.

Add 1@2c. to these quotations for jobbing extra cheese.—We quote New York full cream at 12@13c.; Ohio fine, 12@13c. do. fair to good 11@12c.; Pennsylvania part skins, 8½@9c.; occasional lots half, and do. skins at 4@5c., as to quality.

Eggs were in light supply and firm under steady fair demand, with sales of strictly fresh Western at 28c., and Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Del. were in wholesale lists at 29c., and in a small jobbing way at 30c.

POTPOURRI.—There was very little inquiry for export, and the market closed nominally unchanged at 7½c. asked for refined in barrels and 12½c. for do. in cases. Exports from this port for the week were 1,429,374 gallons, and 10½ the year to date, 73,514,433 gallon, against 77,403,275 gallons for the same time last year.

HORN AND STRAW.—We quote prime Timothy at \$18; No. 1 do. at \$17, and inferior at \$16@17c. Rye Straw at \$13.

SEEDS.—Clover was firm and more active. Sales of 1 car old Pennsylvania at 8½c., and 87 bags good new do. at 9c., with choice quoted at 9½c. Timothy was steady, with small sales at 11@12½c. as to quality. Flax was scarce and hence nominal at \$1.32@1.33 for pure.

FED.—Demand for Bran was fair and the market ruled steady. Sales of 2 cars winter on spot at \$17.25; 3 cars do. to arrive Monday, at \$17.75; 2 cars No. 1 do. spot at \$17.50, and 1 car white middlings at \$20.

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